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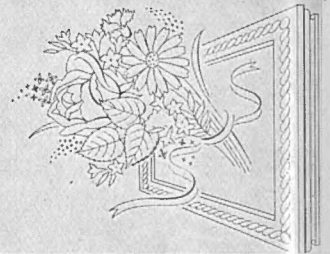


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Bassano

Miss Eileen Phipps: To Be Lady-in-Waiting To Her Aunt

When the Duchess of Gloucester goes to Australia her niece, Miss Eileen Phipps, will be one of the two Ladies-in-Waiting to accompany her. Miss Phipps, who is twenty-two, is the second daughter of Mr. C. B. H. Phipps and Lady Sybil Phipps, sister of the Duchess. She holds the rank of Junior Commander in the A.T.S., which service she joined in July, 1940, becoming in January, 1943, adjutant to an A.A. Brigade Group. The other Lady-in-Waiting to go to Australia will be Viscountess Clive, widow of Squadron Leader Viscount Clive, who was killed in 1943 on active service with the R.A.F.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Success

FROM all accounts it seems that Mr. Churchill's latest visit to Moscow was an unqualified success. Although little real information has been given to us about the actual decisions reached, the opinion prevails that a large measure of agreement exists between London and Moscow on the many and varied issues under discussion. On the military side developments in the next weeks and months will speak for themselves. In the

Turkey

IT is interesting that the new Turkish Ambassador to Soviet Russia should have reached the capital in time for the conference. Despite some short-sighted and ill-informed comment in some sections of the Turkish Press there is no reason to believe that there is any tension or strain in the relations between Turkey and Russia. That Russia has long sought an outlet in the Mediterranean is common knowledge, and that she will be in a position to achieve

have been fighting stubbornly to defend the approaches to Antwerp, but all reports from the front seem to agree that the divisions facing our troops in Holland are greatly inferior to those we defeated so decisively in France. The weather as usual has been against us, but once the great port of Antwerp is completely freed our most difficult problem of supplies will be considerably easier. It seems nothing short of a miracle that Antwerp has not been destroyed. Mile after mile of the vast docks are untouched with their cranes and complicated equipment still intact. What can have induced the enemy to spare such a valuable prize is a mystery to me, and it will certainly have far-reaching results on the future course of operations.

Recognition

THE formal recognition of General de Gaulle's Government by Britain, the United States and Russia is considered by many people to be long overdue. The problem of France is a difficult one for the Allies, but any step that they can take to assist her to her feet in the months



Three Men of the Army, Navy and R.A.F. Decorated at a Recent Investiture

Major Edward Worrall, The Somerset Light Infantry, was at the investiture to receive the M.C. awarded for gallantry at El Alamein, and the D.S.O. which he won at Mareth

Commander Clive Gwinner, D.S.O., D.S.C., had his two sons, Christopher and Martin, to accompany him to Buckingham Palace. The commander was awarded a bar to his D.S.O.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Victor Tait was awarded the K.B.E. for his work as Director-General of Signals. He is fifty-two, and a very popular figure in the Royal Air Force

political sphere the results may not be so clear for all to see, at least in the immediate future, but it is most encouraging to know that Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin have been able to review together all the many and complex problems of Eastern Europe, and that they were able to reach a real understanding on the roles their respective countries will be destined to play in that part of the world in the future.

The relations between Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin have never been better. How far this may have been due to the presence of Mr. Eden it is hard to say. Mr. Eden has always been a success in Moscow, he has a way with the Russians and they have confidence in him. His untiring efforts to find a solution for the most difficult Polish problem seem at last to be bearing fruit. An agreement between the Polish Government in London and the Lublin Committee is, of course, a matter for the Poles themselves, but one important fact emerges from the Moscow Conference. There can now be no question that the British Government is backing the London Poles against the Lublin Committee championed by Moscow. This in itself will go a long way towards clarifying the whole situation.

this aim at the end of the war is accepted by all realists. Nevertheless, there has been apparent satisfaction in Ankara that Britain will also play her part in the Mediterranean, and that Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill have been able to discuss together what that part will be. Mr. Eden's subsequent talks with the Greek Government in Cairo will also be welcomed in Ankara as a further proof that Turkey's ally is actively interested in the future of South-Eastern Europe.

Antwerp

NOW that the Russian offensive in East Prussia is well under way speculation naturally turns to the Western Front, and the question is being asked whether a decisive blow can be struck in this theatre to coincide with the Russian drive. It is still too early to judge what the results of the Red Army's new offensive will be. In a few weeks' time, when the frost sets in, the terrain will be more favourable for a large-scale attack, and it may be that then we shall see a general offensive through Poland heading straight for Berlin.

Meantime in the west solid, if not spectacular progress is being maintained. The Germans

to come is surely of the utmost importance, not only for France herself, but for the rest of the world. There is no question of the Allies "imposing" a Government on the French people which they do not want, but it will necessarily be a long time before elections can be held which will be representative of the majority of the population.

In the meantime there is sufficient evidence in France itself to prove that General de Gaulle and his Provisional Government have already a large measure of popular approval, and any tendency on the part of the Allies to cast doubts upon it could only aggravate the situation, and might well be the cause of much bad feeling in the future. There is no doubt that General de Gaulle is facing a most difficult task. The problems of reconstruction are considerable. To restore communications and essential services alone is a huge undertaking, and no doubt the Provisional Government will be blamed for many failures for which it cannot be held entirely responsible. The situation in Belgium is an example of this, but in some respects the problems facing the French Government will be less acute than those in the smaller country. France is in a position

to feed herself, and once the transport situation has improved there will be no anxiety on that score.

The future of the F.F.I. is a burning question, and so is the nationalization of industry. People in this country will watch with interest the developments on this latter score as it is a matter which we ourselves will have to tackle in the very near future if in fact we have not already begun to do so. The United States will also be confronted with the same issue, although perhaps in lesser degree, but there is no doubt that the social and economic development of France will be watched with the keenest interest and sympathy by the rest of the world.

Election

THE frequent and arduous journeys of the Prime Minister have naturally aroused considerable anxiety among his friends and advisers on the grounds of his health. The great value of these personal contacts, often involving a change of climate from one extreme to another in a matter of hours, has never been in question, but at the same time many people have been disturbed lest Mr. Churchill should take any undue risks. President Roosevelt's health has also been a matter for discussion in the United States during the past few weeks, but for very different reasons. His opponents have always been quick to seize on the President's physical disability as a weapon to use against him in an election campaign. This is nothing new. Twelve years ago the same doubts on the President's fitness to undertake so onerous a job were being sedulously spread by the Republicans. Now after his unprecedented term as President, Mr. Roosevelt can afford to laugh at these alarmists. The election campaign is now rapidly drawing to a close, but it would be a brave man who would hazard a guess at this stage. A few weeks ago there was some anxiety among the Democrats lest a certain apathy on the part of the electors might be an advantage to the Republicans, but recent polls would seem to indicate that interest in the election has increased considerably in the country although the number of votes from members of the forces serving overseas may not be as large as was expected.



Trafalgar Day in London

For the forty-ninth successive year the Navy League honoured the memory of Nelson in Trafalgar Square. At the ceremony Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey and Admiral Sir C. Kennedy-Purvis, Deputy First Sea Lord, chatted with Cadet Thompson, who won the George Cross for gallantry

The fact that the war in Europe is not yet won will be a potent argument in favour of keeping President Roosevelt in office, and the great American victory in the Pacific will silence those critics who have often accused Mr. Roosevelt of not paying sufficient attention to this theatre. By skilfully working the issue more and more round to the question of foreign policy President Roosevelt has forced Governor Dewey to fight him on his own ground, and no doubt the President's long experience in this field will stand him in good stead.

Conference

MR. ADOLPHE BERLE, who heads the American delegation to the International Civil Aviation Conference at Chicago, has had many opportunities in the past of discussing the

various issues with Lord Beaverbrook and others, both in this country and in Washington. On the fundamental points both sides have already made themselves clear, and at the moment it would seem that the Americans are not prepared to accept the setting up of an international authority, such as was envisaged in the Government White Paper published recently, which would control air routes and frequencies. The Americans maintain that it is too early to lay down hard and fast rules now for the post-war period, but that if some arrangements could be made to cover the transition period immediately following the war, a more lasting and satisfactory agreement might be reached in the future by approaching the problem gradually. On purely technical matters, a substantial measure of progress has already been achieved, and it is certain that a full and frank discussion by the countries concerned can be most helpful in laying the foundations for a satisfactory arrangement in the future.



A New Appointment

Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner has taken over his new job as Chief Executive for Industrial Reconversion. He will plan the change-over, subject to the prior claims of the war effort, of British industry from war to peace production



The Governor of Malta on Gozo Island

Lieutenant-General Sir Edmond Schreiber recently paid a visit to the island of Gozo, and was shown round by the Commissioner of Gozo, Mr. Montanarre. Lieutenant-General Schreiber was sworn in as Governor of Malta (where he succeeded Lord Gort) on September 26 at the Palace of Valletta



Fighter Command Comes Back to Life

The title of Air Defence of Great Britain has ceased to exist, and Fighter Command, under its A.O.C.-in-C., Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill, reverts to the control of the Air Ministry. Here is the Air Marshal (centre) with two of his staff officers, Squadron Leader R. S. Ingram and Group Captain G. E. Sampson, O.B.E.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Ghosts and All That

By James Agate

WHAT is wrong with the British film is that it lacks the wit and fantasy of French pictures, while falling far behind Hollywood in ingenuity, splendour and old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness efficiency. I went to see a film the other evening principally because of the cast which contained almost every player of note in London. There they all were, lending support to nobody in particular: Alfred Drayton, Edward Rigby, David Horne, Ronald Squire, Ernest Thesiger, Richard Bird, Brefni O'Rourke, Wylie Watson, Joyce Barbour, Esma Cannon, and lots of others. One realized that only a thousand miles of ocean prevented Aubrey Smith, Nigel Bruce, Gladys Cooper and Dame May Whitty from joining in the scramble.

THERE they all were, sweating blood and trying to bring to life a dreadful story which was one part *The Canterville Ghost* and four parts Thames water. The plot turned on the ownership of a piece of land. And presently the ghost of a former owner, an Earl of some four centuries ago, turned up in the witness-box to give evidence that he was not himself but his bastard brother, or something of the sort. Whereupon the reporter who had been sent down to cover the case rushed frantically to the telephone and told his editor that there was a ghost in the witness-box giving evidence. Whereupon the editor told the reporter that he was drunk, and sacked him. Did anybody in the studio in which this wretched picture was made remember the story about the sea-serpent in *Many Inventions* called "Matter of Fact"? And how the moral of that story is that a thing can be so true that to get anybody to believe it you have to tell it as a lie! But then I don't suppose that more than two people in any British studio have ever heard of Kipling. I am purposely refraining from

giving the name of the picture or the theatre in which it was shown; for by the time this appears in print it must, by all that is rational, have surely disappeared.

THE film is the work of a very clever man and most excellent writer. Why, then, does he write this appalling nonsense? Presumably because he thinks the public are screaming for appalling nonsense. To this the only answer is that they are not screaming for appalling British nonsense. I counted at least a dozen rows of empty stalls in front of me the other evening, all of them yawning their heads off; while the very attendants leaned against the wall with closed eyes in a very catalepsy of boredom.

IT is a long time since I attended the first performance of Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*, on which play the new film *Between Two Worlds* (Warners) is founded. The date was September 1923 and I remember a very lukewarm enthusiasm for a play belonging to that tiresome kind which is neither good nor bad. The present adaptation adheres more or less to the story, which is all about a number of people on a strange ship minus captain and crew and attended only by one steward. All these people are dead, but, with the exception of a couple of enamoured suicides, they don't know it. Nothing happened in the play except to show us various types: a female snob (did she have a husband?—she is given one in the film version), a bullying magnate, a waster, a sweet old charwoman, and so forth. In the last act an Examiner comes on board and pronounces the fate of the passengers. The snob and the financier are sent to something very like Hell, the suicides are pardoned and allowed to go back to life, and the waster is redeemed by the sweet old charwoman, who has, of course, known all along that he is her son.

The Climax is a drama of the opera. In it Boris Karloff appears as Dr. Hohner, the opera-house physician, whose sinister hypnotic powers cause the death of one star and the mysterious disappearance of her successor. He is seen above with Angela (Susanna Foster), the star who escapes destruction and who is indirectly the means of causing Dr. Hohner's own public degradation and death



Fiddlers Three gives a taste of British comedy. Tommy Trinder flashes on and off the screen, now a British A.B., now a Roman slave, now Nero's favourite astrologer, last but not least Carmen Miranda. Stooging Tommy is our old friend Sonnie Hale, though you may not always recognize him. His disguises are as many as, and even more varied than, Tommy's. The story concerns itself with three young members of the Senior Service—two sailors and a Wren. The three are caught at Stonehenge in a thunderstorm, struck by lightning and according to the legend switched back in time. They find themselves in the Temple of Mars in Ancient Rome. Lydia, the Wren, brings a big price in the slave market, and Tommy and Sonnie have to use their wits to save her and avoid Nero's disfavour. Above left: Poppaea (Frances Day) and her maid, Thora (Elisabeth Welch), smuggle Tommy out of the palace to avoid Nero. Right: Nero (Francis L. Sullivan) challenges the new slave (Sonnie Hale)

ALL these characters are extremely well acted. Nothing could be better than John Garfield as the waster, now transformed into what the synopsis calls a "derelict newspaperman." Garfield is one of the best actors on the screen, and I am sorry he has to talk all those yards and yards of dreary nonsense which Sutton Vane never wrote and which must be ascribed to the pen of Daniel Fuchs, the author of the screen play. Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker do the best they can with that boring pair of lovers who follow each other about with a persistence which in real life would provoke one or the other to push 'im or 'er into the sea. This time Paul is a pianist, but as in consequence of his suicide his repertoire had shrunk to one piece by Scriabinski, or somebody of the sort, I could not form much opinion of his ability. His wife followed no profession and had only to weep on her husband's shoulder every quarter of an hour.

THE charwoman is played by Sara Allgood, who is always adorable; but, gosh, what a part! What stilted language! Vane represented her as a common old thing; Sara plays her like Cathleen ni Houlihan. Then there is that insufferable bore, the magnate Lingley, masterfully portrayed by George Coulouris. I turn up my notice of the play and find that I wrote, "The character called Mr. Lingley filled me with one emotion and one only, that of an intense desire to get away from him, out of the theatre, out of London, if necessary. I have never been so excruciatingly bored by any character in any play." Alas, I was twenty years younger then and have since been bored by people infinitely more excruciating. Was there a clergyman in Vane's play? There is one in the film, a dimly, hand-folding, type of cleric, nicely played by Dennis King who, unlike that Mr. Crosby, firmly declines to sing a single note throughout the two hours' duration. Edmund Gwenn is a perfect steward. Sydney Greenstreet, who must be the tallest and fattest actor in Hollywood, does full justice to the part of the



In Society finds Bud Abbott and Lou Costello hitting the high spots. As partners in a plumbing company they gain admittance to the home of the wealthy Van Cleves. They wreck the plumbing of the house, but by a series of fortunate (for them) circumstances find themselves regarded as guests. Elsie (Marion Hutton), Lou's girl friend, also gets in on the party and there is all the fun and trouble, boil and bubble which follow these boys around wherever they may be and whether the film is called "In Society," "One Night in the Tropics" or "We're in the Navy." Above left: Albert (Lou Costello) gets a new idea of an ancient sport. Right: The two plumbers, now gentlemen (temp.), meet their old girl friend, Elsie (Marion Hutton), doing a pretty good interpretation of society's darling

Examiner; who, by the way, never examines anybody. Finally, Isobel Elsom as the snob and Gilbert Emery as the husband are perfect.

THE film is good entertainment, but it sets me wondering whether it is necessary to drag in an American actress—well-played by Faye Emerson—who is the waster's friend and who simply hampers whatever little plot there is. As it was, of course, impossible to leave the

war out, we were treated to an air raid, with the usual prelude of siren and finale of broken glass. As this happened at the beginning of the film, I feared the worst. But the alarm was needless and I have pleasure in certifying that in spite of all temptation Warner Brothers have refrained for once in their lives from introducing as little as one German spy, living or dead, on land or on sea or in the air. For which gracious act of forbearance I thank all concerned.



Hail the Conquering Hero is the latest Preston Sturges and a satire on American enthusiasm. A young man, Woodrow (Eddie Bracken), is discharged from the Marines for hay fever. On his way home he is persuaded by his Marine buddies to dress up in uniform decorated with medals not legally his. He arrives to find the whole town at the station. He is nominated for mayor. The ovation gets out of hand and before Woodrow can clear himself of a mild deception, a hurriedly contrived song is on the streets, "Win with Woodrow." Settling up comes when Woodrow's deception is discovered by the mayor's campaign manager, but Woodrow defeats their intention of ruining him by publicly confessing he is a fraud. His supporters publicise Woodrow's confession as braver than any Guadalcanal deeds. The townspeople rally round and he remains a hero—in spite of himself. Above left: Woodrow (Eddie Bracken) stages a fake call ordering him back to duty. His attempt to escape his home town is foiled, however. Right: Eddie confesses his fraud. Sitting on his left is his sweetheart (Ella Raines)

The Theatre

"It Depends What You Mean" (Westminster)

By Horace Horsnell

MR. JAMES BRIDIE is a refreshing playwright. Since he first captured our London fancy with *The Anatomist* in 1931, he has continued to tickle and tease it with highly individual plays that show no signs of becoming stereotyped. There is something of the happy boy about him. He seems to delight in his own inventions, and plays with ideas with the zest that only childhood (or genius) knows. His sense of fun is masterful, and his deference to the conventions of the stage is by no means obsequious. One feels that he writes as the spirit moves him, and that he is more concerned with having a good time himself with his toys than with playing either to the gallery or the groundlings. In his case, the onlooker may not always see most of the game. And while critics may scold, and make what they believe to be helpful suggestions, he is too rapt (or too Scotch) to heed their interruptions.

The question arises; would you rather he were different, and more amenable? That is, more like other successful dramatists, than this untrammelled playboy who hits or misses with equal delight? The answer depends on your own prejudices concerning the writing of plays in general, and on the particular play he happens to offer.

You may prefer him in that mood which improvises fantasias on modern themes, rather than that which brings him into whimsical touch with the Apocrypha; the mood, for instance, that conjures up Mr. Bolfray and the Devil, rather than that which goes adventuring with Tobias and the Angel.

He has a lively mind and a forceful style; and as a writer of promising first acts which do not always fulfil their promise, he is rivalled

only by his fellow countryman, Barrie. He is no flogger of willing horses, but is readily diverted by the contingent scenery. If his Pegasus chooses to canter down attractive bridle paths, he is content, nay eager, to leave the prescribed course, and let the winning post look after itself. This is apt to disconcert some of his backers, who complain that he wilfully pulls his mount. In short, he is an idiosyncratic playwright.

His latest play is characteristic—shrewd, amusing, well written and constructively untidy. Its theme is modern; its characters are realistic, yet have something of the bolder outlines of cartoon. They illustrate a diversity of humours and observations, rather than stick to the more formal lines of dramatized narrative. They tell anything but a plain, unvarnished tale. He assembles them without ceremony and in a state of chaotic loquacity; subdues that babel of Tchekovan non sequiturs, and then manipulates them with the arbitrary zest of a boy and the sleight of a puppet-master.

The theme of the play, ostensibly a critical inquiry into the theory and practice of marriage, has a charade-like independence of the more formal conventions of debate. Personalities are not debarred; rude retorts are *de rigueur*. It is conducted by an amateur "brains trust" team enlisted by an archly optimistic padre to entertain the troops in an army recreation hut.



The Reverend William Paris finds his driver, Private Jessie Killigrew, A.T.S., somewhat disconcerting at times with her pertinent questions and thirst for knowledge (Margaret Barton and Alastair Sim). In the background is Walter, Jessie's young man (Alec Faversham)

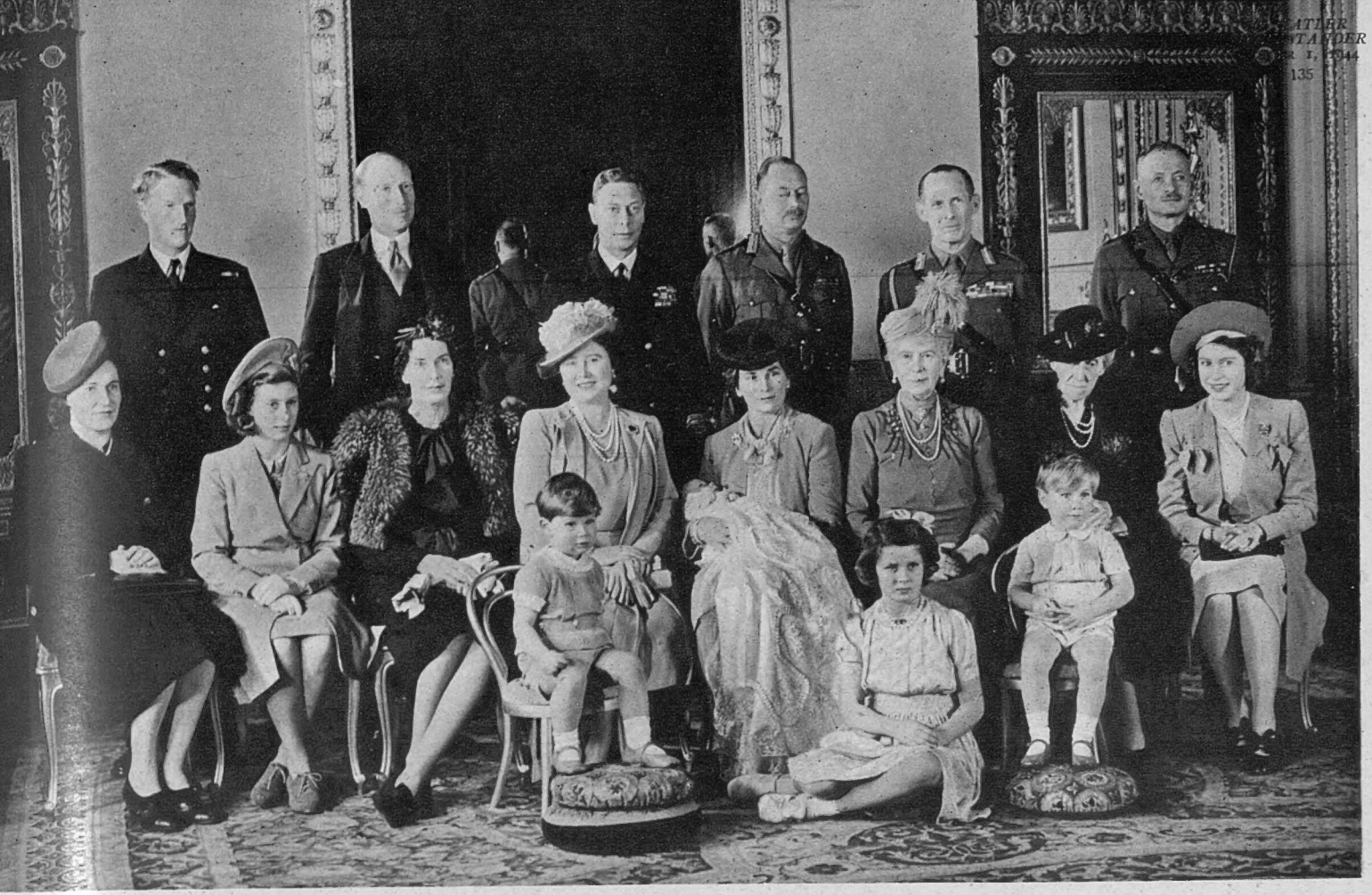
OPENING with more or less correct formality, it quickly degenerates into an internecine brawl that soon becomes a riot. As the clerical question master, hoping for the best, finessing the less than good, and outraged by the worst, Mr. Alastair Sim is a distraught but unctuous figure of fun, stung to impotent despair by a dogged young A.T.S. private, whose curiosity concerning the more realistic aspects of matrimony overcomes her sense of time, place, decorum and duty as the entertainment's stage manager. And when the session has collapsed in chaos and achieved disaster, a final scene shows us the brains trustees at home again, deliriously coping with its real-life aftermath.

It is entertaining stuff, full of strong good humour. The company produced and led by Mr. Sim follows his excellent lead with vivacious skill. Among the good individual performances are Miss Angela Baddeley's cleverly spontaneous wife of an artist, Miss Nuna Davey's delightful viscountess whose forte is the pouring of oil on troubled parochial waters, Mr. O. B. Clarence's flawless cameo of an imperturbably deaf old doctor, and the pure pertinacity of the A.T.S. private substantiated by Miss Margaret Barton.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Brains Trust organized by the Rev. William Paris gets a little out of hand when artist George Prout and Professor Mutch decide to settle personal differences on the platform. (Nuna Davey as Viscountess Dodd, D.B.E., Angela Baddeley as Angela Prout, B.A., Wilfrid Hyde White as George Prout, R.O.I., Alastair Sim, seen from the rear, as the Rev. Paris, C.F., Oliver Johnston as James Mutch, D.Litt., O. B. Clarence as Hector Macadam, M.D., Walter Roy as Joe Byres, M.P.)



At the Country Christening of Prince Richard of Gloucester

The Queen was a godmother to Prince Richard, second son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, at his christening at a private chapel in the country. In the picture above are, sitting, Lady Margaret Alexander, Princess Margaret, Lady Sybil Phipps, the Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince Richard, Queen Mary, Princess Marie Louise and Princess Elizabeth, with, in front, Prince Michael and Princess Alexandra of Kent and Prince William of Gloucester. Standing are the Earl of Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch, the King, the Duke of Gloucester, King George of the Hellenes, and the Marquis of Cambridge

Royal Occasions



Right: During her recent visit to Durham and Newcastle the Duchess of Kent stayed at Lesbury House, the wartime home of the Duchess of Northumberland, where this group was taken. In it are Lady Herbert (Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent), the Duke of Northumberland, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Northumberland and her younger daughter, the Countess of Ellesmere

The Duchess of Kent Stays with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Christening

THERE was one of the largest gatherings of the Royal Family for some considerable time at the christening of young Prince Richard of Gloucester, who received his baptism, and the four names of Richard Alexander Walter George from Archbishop Lord Lang of Lambeth, an old and close friend of the Royal Family, who has officiated at so many Royal christenings. This one took place in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, into which crowded a total of 63 guests, headed by Their Majesties and Queen Mary, who made one of her rare trips up from her West Country home to

christening of her own youngest son, Prince Michael, little over two years ago, and just a few weeks before his father was killed in the tragic air crash. Little Prince Michael was there with his sister, Princess Alexandra, and, with his cousin, Prince William, made his presence quite insistently known at intervals throughout the service.

Another important person present was Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of our brilliant Commander-in-Chief in Italy, General Sir Harold Alexander, for whom she stood proxy as a godfather. There was a small luncheon-party for seventeen, which included King George

Married in London

Lt.-Cdr. Leonard Govett, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Betty Robertson were married in London a short time ago, and the best man, seen with them here, was Cdr. Ian Bailey. The bride is a cousin of the Earl of Jersey

Swabe



Bertram Park

Miss Molly Baker

Miss Baker is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Spencer-Baker, of London and Dublin, and is well known in Irish racing and sporting circles. She is serving with the F.A.N.Y. as an ambulance driver



Yeyonde

Miss Angela Jackson

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. M. Jackson works at the Foreign Office. Her father, formerly in the Grenadier Guards, is a nephew of the late Sir Henry Mather-Jackson, and her mother is a daughter of Sir Henry Stephenson, Bt., of Hassop Hall, Derby

attend the baptism of her youngest, and ninth, grandchild. Queen Mary was looking very well, and seemed in the best of spirits as, after the ceremony, she chatted and joked with old friends like Lord Wigram, Deputy Constable of the Castle, whom she had not seen for some time.

King George of the Hellenes, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with whom was their other son, three-year-old Prince William, Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Countess of Southesk, Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady "Pat" Ramsay, Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise—the latter one of the seven godparents—the Marquess of Cambridge and Lady May Abel Smith—who stood proxy for her mother, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone—were other members of the family present, and among the Duchess's relations were her brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, her two sisters, Lady Margaret Hawkins and Lady Sybil Phipps, the young Earl of Dalkeith and his sister, Lady Elizabeth Scott. The Duchess of Kent was not able to attend the christening, since she was busy fulfilling official engagements in the country. Perhaps, too, she was happier not to have been there, since the last function of a similar nature at Windsor was the

of Greece and Archbishop Lord Lang, before the service, and afterwards a wartime christening-cake was cut.

Royal Occasion

QUEEN MARIE OF YUGOSLAVIA, who has been staying in Scotland, came south a few days before her younger sons, Prince Tomislav and Prince Andrei, returned to school. On the last day of their holidays they accompanied their mother on a tour of the McCorquodale Printing Works at Wolverton, in Buckinghamshire. It was the first time Her Majesty had ever visited a printing works, and she was intensely interested in all she saw, the Royal party receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the workers.

Queen Marie has also lately been to look over the American Officers' Red Cross Club of Bedford. Her Majesty, accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Cresswell, was received by Mr. Henry Jackson, Director, and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon, who has done so much for Anglo-American friendship in the county. After an inspection of the premises the Queen joined the officers and their guests in the games-room and listened to a violin recital by Jelly D'Aranyi, who played, among other pieces, the César Franck Sonata with

Quiet Wedding

Major the Hon. John Jacob Astor, The Life Guards, youngest son of Viscount Astor and Viscountess Astor, M.P., and Señorita Ana Inez Carcano, younger daughter of the Argentine Ambassador and Señora Stella de Morra Carcano, were married at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street





Photographs at Bagatelle and Ciro's by Swaabe

Snapshots from Two London Restaurants

Lord Buckhurst was escorting Miss Violet de Trafford, Sir Humphrey's third daughter, to dinner one night. She is a sister of Mrs. Parker Bowles and Mrs. F. J. C. Bowles-Lyon

Waiting for their first course were Capt. and Mrs. P. Quellyn Roberts, Capt. G. B. H. Fawkes and Mrs. Tatham-Warter. Mrs. Roberts, formerly Primrose Salt, was previously married to the late Major Anthony Osborne, and Mrs. Tatham-Warter is her sister

Mr. Ivor Newton. Among those present in the audience were the Lord Lieutenant for Bedfordshire, Col. Dealtry Part, and Mrs. Part, Sir Adrian Boulton, who had to leave early, as he was due "on the air," Col. the Hon. Michael Bowles-Lyon (our Queen's second brother), Mrs. Lindsey, the well-known landscape gardener, who made so many improvements to Cliveden, Mr. Archie Camden and his composer wife, Jan Kerrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale.

Eightieth Birthday

A very interesting dinner-party was that given by Lily Lady Rennell of Rodd, at her house in Spanish Place, when she celebrated her eightieth birthday, surrounded by her entire family. The party, which was the first family reunion for four years, included her sons, Lord Rennell, Col. the Hon. Peter Rodd and Capt. the Hon. Taffy Rodd, and her daughters, the

Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes and the Hon. Mrs. Emmett. Mr. Simon Elwes is away in India, where he is political painter for the Government of India. Other guests were Lady Rennell's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, the Hon. Mr. Peter Rodd, Mr. Richard Elwes, young Lady Rennell, and old friends like Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme. There were toasts, of course, one being to "the best mother that ever was," one to "the best sister," and one to "the best friend." Afterwards more friends and relatives came in, including Lavinia and Christopher Emmett and Rosemary Kerr. Everyone agreed that the hostess looked wonderfully well in her smart frock made in the modern dinner-dress style from a length of white silk with an all-over pattern in gay colours which she had brought from Italy a year ago. It suited her slim, upright figure admirably, and it was hard to believe that the birthday was one of three-score and twenty.

Day-School

THE wartime difficulties of educating children in the country have been eased considerably in Wiltshire by the thoughtful kindness of Lady Tryon, who, although her own two children are as yet too young for lessons, has for the last two years organised an excellent little day-school at her home at Great Durnford. She has a splendid governess to teach the children, who was previously with the Duchess of Gloucester's nephew and nieces, the children of Lady Sybil Phipps.

Amongst the pupils who have attended this little school are Lady Rosemary Mackay, the daughter of the late Earl of Inchcape and Leonora Countess of Inchcape, who has a house near by, and her young cousins, Bridget Hibbert, daughter of Major "Washy" and Lady Patricia Hibbert, and Peter Bailey, son of Mrs. Douglas Bailey, whose father was killed fighting in Italy at Cassino. Peter is the grandson of

(Concluded on page 152)



Buying and Selling on Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Flag Day

Miss Mary Churchill, the Prime Minister's youngest daughter, supported her mother's Russian flag day, and bought her emblem from Nurse Grover, of University College Hospital

At Woolwich, Dr. N. Lapteva (centre) and the Countess of Cromer (right), taking part in "Aid to Russia" flag day activities, stopped to chat with a Red Cross and St. John worker

Mother Gets Her Due



Mrs. Gaye: "'Adn't you better switch 'er off?" Captain Geoffrey Radcliffe, R.N. (Frederick Leister), interviews the charlady (Thora Hird), whose services he hopes to secure for his friend and hostess, Martha Dacre



Helen: "Go 'on—what's the verdict?" With Mrs. Gaye's departure the family rush in to hear the result of the interview (Frederick Leister, Pauline Tennant, Ronald Fortt, Michael McNeile, Valerie White, John Witty)

● *No Medals*, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre by Richard Bird, is Esther McCracken's tribute to the women who wear no uniform, the mothers who achieve no glory, whose lot is the daily task, the all-too-common round, and to whom the threat of impending call-up offers a welcome chance to get into the Forces for a rest. As Martha Dacre, Fay Compton, breaking away from a long string of sinister roles, gives a lovely performance. Her sure touch and exquisite sense of comedy and pathos have never been more evident. The play should delight family audiences for weeks to come



Martha: "That's enough. Don't overdo it. It's worked! How marvellous!"

Martha's first bottling efforts are crowned with success. Helped by F/Lt. Roddy Macintyre (John Witty), the terrifying (to a beginner) rite which decides success or failure is performed



Helen: "Do you think that all the Great Lovers . . . have talked such drivel to each other at the last moment?" Helen says good-bye to her husband, Lt/Cdr. Nigel Wyland (Ronald Fortt), on the quayside. She wants to tell him she is going to have a baby, but words fail her and the moment passes

"No Medals" is Esther McCracken's Saga of To-day's Unsung Heroines of the Home



Martha: "Look, here are the stamps, and here is a list of the houses and what they generally want"
Martha Dacre (Fay Compton) takes part in all the local activities. One of her young guests, Paul Flolliott (Michael McNeile), an A.B. spending his leave in her home, offers his help with the savings stamps



Martha: "No, Harriet! NOT 'Old Girl'"
Martha is horrified when her sister Harriet (Dorothy Hamilton) introduces Army slang

Right:
Helen: "Mother, do you hate the idea of being a grandmother?"
Helen, Martha's elder daughter (Valerie White), tells her mother she is going to have a baby



Photographs by Alexander Bender



Geoffrey: "Some day someone will write a real appreciation of mothers in wartime and perhaps then you will believe it"
Geoffrey is the one member of Martha's large family who really appreciates everything she does for them all. It takes him a long time, though, to realise he is in love with her



Helen: "I suppose this has really been our baptism of fire—for both of us"
Three hours out from shore, Nigel's ship is torpedoed. For tense hours Helen awaits news of him. There is none until, miraculously, he walks in uninjured save for a damaged arm

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

By electing Georges Duhamel as their *secrétaire perpétuel* the Académie Française have shown the Harley Street boys what they think of unprofessional conduct. Like Somerset Maugham, Duhamel left the medical racket some years ago to write some of the most brilliant novels of the century.

A few other wayward viscera-snatchers, from the great Sir Thomas Browne down to that clot or ganglion of minor 18th-century poets—Blackmore, Grainger, Armstrong, Erasmus Darwin, *et al.*—have raised Harley Street's frigid eyebrows in their time. The normal procedure for any restless Bohemian in the racket nowadays is to write something cynical and sparkling for *The Lancet* on the Hypertrophy of Biffin's Gland. You can tell the *Lancet* boys by their feverish eyes and studied carelessness of dress—for example, they deliberately wear their Anthony Edens 1/4th of an inch out of the true horizontal, and hitch their striped pants up three inches when they sit. The British Medical Council shrugs good-humouredly but says nothing. There is a streak of the gipsy in every born journalist, after all.

Footnote

SOME judges think the Poetry Section of *The Lancet* better even than *The Spectator's*, which is so justly famed. No doubt they are thinking of pieces like that

psychiatrist lyric called "On Observing the First Signs of Lack of Auto-motor-Control in a Wealthy Duchess Biting the Carpet," beginning:

With a song in my heart
I behold your adorable phase . . .

Or maybe that fragrant piece called "June Comes to Harley Street," beginning:

It was neuroses, neuroses all the way . . .

We wouldn't know. It all looks pretty French and decadent to us.

Nocturne

NOTING that the Great Plague (bubonic) was detected and dealt with recently in Algiers, we told an American antiquarian friend about the vast plague-pit of 1665 just outside Lord's (S.E. corner, all round St. John's church), and took him to see the site.

Having sat among the Living Dead at a first-class match or two, he agreed that when Mr. Lord moved his ground from Dorset Square in the early 1800's he chose just the right spot. He asked eagerly how the bodies are removed from Lord's nowadays. We showed him a contemporary print of two pipe-smoking nightcapped citizens unloading a one-horse plague-cart into the pit near by, and his eyes sparkled.



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"You've forgotten to cross out the grilled sole to-day"

"So this still goes on?"

"Yes, it's traditional. Every night towards twelve during the cricket season you hear the tumbrils rolling up to the back-entrances of Lord's, and see the torches."

"Pretty macabre. I guess Goya should have painted it."

"If you live in St. John's Wood you soon get blasé."

"I guess it takes some time to load the carts?"

"Well, the officials hear the bell when the carts are somewhere by Regent's Park, so they can get things ready."

"Is there much noise?"

"A fair amount. Apart from the formal cry 'Bring out yer dead!' you hear people bawling 'Pack 'em tighter, Alf!' and 'Members' Stands first!' and so forth."

"Then what?"

"The bodies are shot eventually into Barking Creek."

Point

HE argued that some occupants of the Members' Stands are probably not dead during a match, but in a state of coma or catalepsy, because you sometimes see their jaws move. We said the contractors can't be bothered with such fine distinctions. He guessed the original Plague (1665) must have been less of a strain on the authorities in many ways. We said yes, sure.

Artist

IF Japanese (like Germans) are to be barred for years from the British vaudeville stage, as the Variety Artists' Federation demands, there will be an opening for British girls of strong personality to step into the place of Hon. Miss Moonlit Stewed Prune, the Girl with the Smile.

This is the baby we admire: the one who, while the Okeh Sezyu Family of acrobats are tearing themselves to pieces with curious twittering noises, leans against the scenery with a cool, inscrutable, Samurai smile, tosses the

(Concluded on page 142)



"What's over?"

Anglo-American Wedding

Lt. H. H. Proctor and the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell
Married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Cdre. H. Flanigan, U.S. Navy, and Mrs. Robert Ducas were guests at the reception

On October 20th Lt. Henry Harrison Proctor, U.S.N.R., and the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell, widow of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Somerset Maxwell and daughter of the late Capt. Marshall O. Roberts and of Mrs. Irene Roberts, were married in London. A reception was held at the Dorchester Hotel

Photographs by
Swaebe



The Bride and Bridegroom After the Ceremony



Mr. Eddie Tatham and Mrs. Purbrick were there. She was Daphne Kingsmill, and is a daughter-in-law of Mr. Reggie Purbrick, M.P.



Here are the bride's three children, Barry, Simon and Sheelin Maxwell. Their father died on active service in 1942



Col. Harold Mitchell, M.P. (centre), was with Mr. Hore-Belisha, M.P., and his wife. The Hore-Belishas were married in June



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton are seen above with Sir Evelyn Murray, who is the bride's uncle



Mrs. Owen Roberts, sister-in-law of the bride, brought her two small daughters, Lucinda and Camilla



Mr. Archie Jamieson was entertaining the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter-in-law

Standing By ...

(Continued)

principals a rolled handkerchief occasionally, and now and then cries "Hep!" Years of arduous training prevent her from hurling herself like an Old Roedean halfback into the fray or tripping the Okeh Sezyus up as they bounce and fly past. Even when grimacing Mr. Sezyu is holding all his unattractive family up in the final pyramid she never gives way to a natural impulse to tickle him under the armpits, causing the Okeh Sezyu troupe to fall in a chattering heap. The discipline involved is far more difficult than anything a geisha has to undergo. Geishas admittedly have to steel themselves to smile politely at Tokyo business men's jokes, but Hon. Miss Moonlit Stewed Prune has to learn how to resist the mass-desire of an audience of, maybe, a couple of thousand or more, all concentrating violently on the longing to see Mr. and Mrs. Okeh Sezyu and offspring take a toss. Her will-power against theirs; one lonely girl.

Invitation

OLD ROEDEAN Rugger Blues have the stamina and poise, but have they the psychological discipline? Are they not rather too fond of harmless fun? Write and colour your conclusions neatly on a postcard and address it to "Auntie Joy," c/o Joe and Izzy Schmaltz, Hotcha Variety Agency, W.

Idea

A THINKER who wants the Houses of Parliament rebuilt after the war in "some worthier style" is beating the air. Barry's spiky bastard-Gothic (1840-50) seemed to everybody we know to suit Britain's Awful Senate (Dr. Young) just perfectly.

The buildings Barry replaced, judging from old prints, were less fussy, rather like a monastic enclosure, with the charming Old Palace gardens in front. The tallest of them, used by the Commons, was better Gothic than Barry's, so was the Painted Chamber. The Lords used a modest panelled building like a public-school hall. As you probably know, most of this was burned down in 1834 when an official made a great fire of Exchequer tallies—the notched hazel wands used for centuries to keep accounts—in the House of Lords stove, and the flues got red-hot. To restore the old grouping is probably impossible, but they might perhaps restore the jolly 18th-century atmosphere—topbooted redfaced country members arguing and spitting nutshells on the floor; drunk members snoring peacefully on the back benches; other members, only partially plastered, reeling in from Bellamy's, full of good port; the Speaker gently dozing; Slogger Pitt himself swaying and hiccupping slightly as he outlines foreign policy.

The House never gets plastered nowadays' (official—see *Hansard*, 1926, shocked replies to odious charges by Dr. Salter, Lab.). More's the pity, maybe.

Feat

DOUBLES of barley-water all round at the Centenarians' Club, we guess, to celebrate the feat of that Buckinghamshire citizen who, having held Death at arm's length for 109 years, gave in unwillingly the other day.

The Club is, or was, in the Cromwell Road, we were once told, and is naturally more exclusive than White's or the Marlborough. You'd think any good youngish actor could sneak in with a convincing makeup. You forget perhaps that when the average West End actor makes up for King Lear he invariably looks at least 289 to 300 years old. Moreover the Qualification Committee's first act is to take a firm sudden pull at a suspect's whiskers. Even false ones have been known to come off that way.

There are no women members, our informant said. There was once some talk of making Mistinguett an honorary president, but the wellknown fact that she once sat on Louis XIV's knee was against her. Members naturally dislike being deliberately outlived by a French jillflirt, apart from the Club's having to build a special staircase



"Of course, it isn't the genuine ersatz. It's only imitation"

for her to trip up and down in ostrich feathers, singing "C'est pas comme ci, c'est pas comme ça!" As you realise, the Club's *raison d'être* is sinful defiance of natural law. But the undertaker is the first to forgive, this chap added thoughtfully.

Rap

FOR the millionth time our old fellow-hack "Beachcomber" patiently demolished the other day the legend, sacred to the Fleet Street boys, that Lady Astor is the first woman to be elected to a Parliament.

She is, as he remarked, the second, the first being Constance Gore-Booth, by marriage Countess Markievicz, elected to a Dublin seat in the 1918 General Election, while enjoying the British Government's hospitality in Holloway Gaol for her share in the Irish Question. Her funny foreign name gave Fleet Street many a chuckle; her peculiar choice of a career is now a commonplace. What raises our eyebrows slightly is that even in France there is a small clique of fussy women who want to be in Parliament, though Frenchwomen traditionally know 108 better ways of governing than joining the parliamentary racket. Their principal worry in our experience is not being unable to legislate, but being unable to get rid of the concierge, the female Cerberus in the glass box by the street-door who notes all your visitors, takes in (and often reads) all your correspondence, has notoriously certain links with the police, and is ever on hand, wreathed in fawning smiles, on New Year's Day, with harpy claw outstretched.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"We will now take the last movement of the B Minor Suite, and for heaven's sake, don't forget the *appoggiatura* during the conch-shell obbligato"



Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley

In and Out of Uniform

Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley Recovers
from an Accident

Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley, a despatch-rider in the M.T.C., recently met with an accident when her machine skidded while she was bringing important documents from the Midlands to the Admiralty. After completing her mission in an American jeep, she was taken to hospital with a broken leg and a dislocated ankle, and is now recovering at her parents' home, Wortley Hall, Sheffield. Lady Diana is the second of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe's four daughters, and has been serving in the M.T.C. for four-and-a-half years, two of which she has spent as a despatch-rider



Fayer

Black and White

Celia Franca, a Sadler's Wells Ballet Soloist,
in Classical and Modern Roles



Spanish Dancer: a Study from "Le Lac des Cygnes"



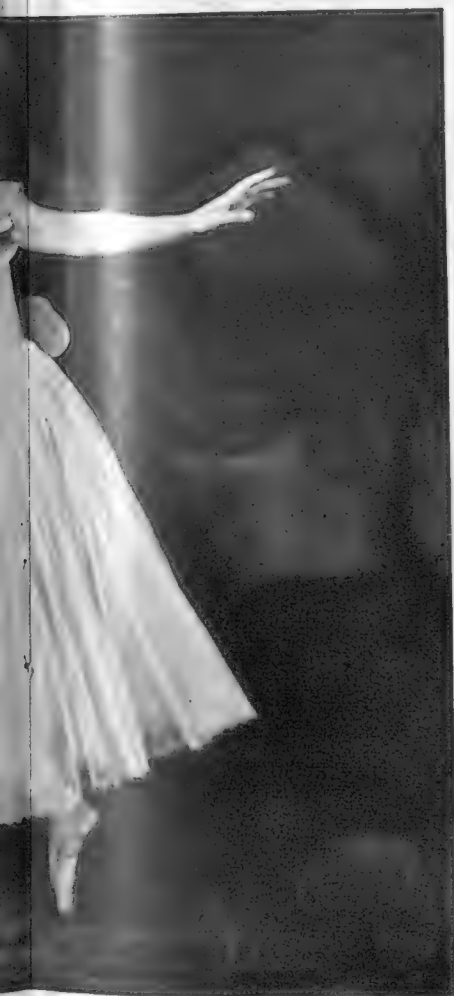
"Giselle" is one of the classical ballets in which Celia Franca has played the role as Myrtha, the pitiless and inexorable Queen of the Forest, and the dancers the Wilis, to whose legendary company Giselle belongs.



"Les Sylphides" is perhaps the work in which Celia Franca has shown her lightness and softness of movement contrast to the sensual, passionate evil of the Wilis.



in which Celia Franca has an important
scorable Queen of those strange, nocturnal
company Giselle is admitted after her death



work in which Franca's rare musicality
moment are best seen: a striking
evil of her "Dante Sonata" role

● Celia Franca, black-haired, magnolia-skinned, is one of the most talented dramatic artists of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and an exceptionally poetical dancer in her classical roles. As a child, she studied music as well as ballet—at the Guildhall School of Music, to which she won a scholarship both for piano and dancing. She joined the Ballet Rambert when she was fifteen, and was already known as a soloist with that and other companies when she went to the Sadler's Wells Ballet nearly three years ago. She has created several important dramatic roles since then—the Queen in *Hamlet*, Wrath and the mock Una in *The Quest*, the Spider in *Le Festin de l'Araignée*—as well as succeeding to June Brae's part in *Dante Sonata*. In Robert Helpmann's new ballet, *Miracle in the Gorbals*, she has one of the chief roles and what is probably her most remarkable characterisation. *Miracle in the Gorbals*, which has a Glasgow slum setting designed by Edward Burra, and music composed by Arthur Bliss, had its first performance last week

Photographs by Anthony



Daughter of Darkness: a Study from "Dante Sonata"

Famous Aces of the R.A.F.



G/Capt. Gordon Learmonth Raphael, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, has the unusual distinction of having started his career as a bomber, later becoming a fighter pilot. Born in Quebec in 1915, he was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1938, taking part in the first bombing attacks on Trondheim and Oslo, and is reputed to have made one of the longest flights over enemy-occupied territory. Raphael has bombed and fought over most of occupied Europe.



W/Cdr. E. P. Wells, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, known as "Hawkeye" Wells, is a New Zealander. Before the war he was a farmer, and is a crack clay-pigeon shot. He is a splendid leader, and commanded the first New Zealand squadron in England.



W/Cdr. Thomas Gilbert Mahaddie, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., born at Leith, is known in the Service to have powers of leadership of a very high order and unflagging enthusiasm. He learnt to fly in Egypt, was a bomber pilot in the earliest leaflet raids and took part in the pioneer raid on Sylt.



S/Ldr. R. F. Hamlyn, A.F.C., D.F.M., comes from Harrogate, Yorkshire. He won the D.F.M. during the Battle of Britain, when he shot down five enemy aircraft in one day, and was awarded the A.F.C. for Air Sea Rescue in 1943.



Dulwich College Rugby Team

D. R. Stuart

Dulwich Rugby XV. had beaten Harrow by 8 points to 6 when this photograph was taken. Slee, the captain, was unable to play owing to illness. In front: B. J. Capon, J. D. Hammond. Sitting: A. R. Jennings, G. E. Smith, G. D. Frith (acting captain), J. P. Slee (captain), A. C. Hemming, R. C. Deakin, J. D. F. Coutts. Standing: H. K. Holdsworth, J. A. Everard, D. A. Hammond, R. D. Gill, H. W. Rissik, C. G. Stoneman, P. A. O. Phillips



Christened on Board H.M.S. Versatile

Berenice Harper, daughter of the Versatile's commander, Lt. Alfred Lee Harper, R.N., and Mrs. Harper, was christened in her father's ship by a naval chaplain. In the picture are Surg. Lt.-Cdr. John Walker, R.N., Mrs. Joan Craven, Mrs. Peggy Tattersall, Naval Chaplain R. Nevill Hetherington and Berenice, and Lt. and Mrs. A. L. Harper

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Horse Marines

JUST in case it may be of any assistance to all these gentlemen who have been writing to *The Times* about this maritime Horse Regiment, here are the facts: the 17th Lancers served in H.M.S. Hermione in 1795 as Marines, and thereby earned the additional sobriquet of "The Horse Marines," their other nickname, as even Smith Minor knows, being "The Death or Glory Boys." I believe I am correct in saying that they were the only cavalry regiment which ever did a job like this, but many infantry regiments were similarly employed at various times, but I cannot remember off-hand which ones they were. As it is "Horse Marines" who are involved this does not matter.

"The Ditty Box"

THIS receptacle, I understand, is the mariner's Pandora's Casket, in which he keeps all his secret weapons, such as, for instance, Mothersil, and that other infallible cure for the inner qualms caused by the undulations of the boisterous deep, a chunk of fat pork attached to a string. I am informed and believe that the "Ditty" was never used for storing the poems of Dibdin, or any other nautical versifier. *The Ditty Box* is the title of the Navy's own magazine, which, I observe, is produced under the ægis of the Admiralty. A copy (No. 4) has been kindly transmitted to me, and, if a mere landlubber may be permitted to say so, is very good indeed from bow to stern, from truck to keelson. You can open it where you please, and you will find it very difficult to close it. The first place at which I did happen to open it on October 21 was "Trafalgar," and here you do not find a detailed account of the great action, but a short collection of extracts from letters written by men aboard H.M.S. Victory: from Marine James Bagley, who says: "It was very sharp for us, I assure you, for we had not a moment's time till it was over"; from Midshipman Roberts, who says: "It was a much harder action than the Nile"; and from an unknown A.B. named "Sam," who was in H.M.S. Royal Sovereign, who writes: "To tell you the truth of it, when the game began I wished myself at Warborough with my plough again, but when they had given us one duster and I found myself snug and tight, I set to in good earnest and thought no more about being killed than if I were at Murrell Green Fair, and I was presently as busy and as black as a collier." "Sam" is aboard of every one of His Majesty's ships to-day, bless his gallant heart! "A Wren Afloat" is written by one of them, and very well too, and the high light of the story concerns the arrival aboard her little ship of four prisoners, "Big-Shot German Generals complete with suit-cases and A.D.C.s." Their eyes nearly popped



Cricketer's Reward

The first man to score a century at the Alamein Club, Cairo, was Cpl. S. Potheary, the former Hampshire left-handed cricketer. Lt.-Col. H. C. Todd, Deputy Director of Medical Services, Middle East, presented him with the ball to commemorate the event



D. A. Atkins

Prince and Princess Karam of Kapurthala

Prince Karam of Kapurthala and his wife, Princess Sita, both well known in London, Paris and New York, are now in India, where the Princess gave birth to a son and heir last August. Prince Karam, third son of the Maharajah, was educated in this country, where he has many friends

out of their heads when they saw that the ship was manned entirely by Wrens! I believe it! There is a very amusing yarn about how some Chinese gentlemen think Chief Justices do their work; there is an excellent little memoir of Vian of the Cossack, and a short history of that friend of so many of us, the P. and O.—in fact, as said at the outset, you cannot back a loser. If I may say so, I should like to make the signal: "Splice the Main Brace."

A Fox-Hunting Horthy

SOME years ago someone, I understand a connection of the author, sent me a very good book, *The Sport of a Lifetime*, by Eugene de Horthy, who is, or was, a brother of the Admiral, ex-Regent of Hungary, now, I am told, a rather unwilling guest of the World's Criminal No. 1. However, this is merely collateral to Eugene de Horthy's book, which I think would interest anybody fond of reading the record of someone who has done all the things he has done, hunted, ridden steeplechases, shot and thoroughly well paid his footing in broken bones, and where the big beasts of the field are concerned (in Africa principally, but also in Indo-China and India) has had one or two hair-raisers in the way of

(Concluded on page 148)



In the Paddock at Leopardstown Races, Dublin

Sir Thomas Ainsworth, there with his wife, saw his filly *Someried* beaten at the post in the Johnstown Maiden Hurdle Race. Sir Thomas is a former Master of the Meath, Tipperary and Kildare Hounds



Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Francis McNamara (recovering from an accident to her foot) was in the paddock with Lord Glenavy. He is a director of the Bank of Ireland, and was before the war a very keen yachtsman

was not. Count Charles Longay, Chairman of the Free Hungarians, said that Miklos was all along hand in glove with Hitler. Now, however, something seems to have snapped.

Over the Top?

It is good hearing to learn that the Stewards of the N.H.C. have felt emboldened to approach the Authority Concerned for permission to have a strictly limited jumping season as from round about Christmas. As was advertised in a recent note on this subject, it has never been the Stewards who were backward in coming forward, and it is probable that now they have had some encouragement so to do; without it, as was said in my previous note, they were powerless. Where any form of wartime racing is concerned, the attitude of the Government has never been that of the spoil-sport, and the sole governing factors have been Transport and Public Safety. Neither of these considerations is as acute as it was, but, equally, neither has vanished. This country is still the forward base of the biggest combined operation in the whole history of warfare, and certain regions in England are still being sporadically shelled by the fatuous enemy. The biggest battles have yet to be fought; the supply problem to the front line is still a most formidable one for even the super men of "Q," who, as the world knows, have done a job that stands out quite alone.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

narrow escapes. He seems to have been as wild as a hawk in his young days. Eugene de Horthy began to ride when he was four, and from that time onwards I should say spent most of his time on four legs and only a part of it on two. He began riding races unknown to his father when he was a boy at school at Debrecen, a name perhaps familiar to anyone who reads the war news of the moment. The reason why he asked to be sent to Debrecen was because they had such a fine riding-school, and made equitation one of the leading items in their curriculum. I gather that one of his brothers was also at this school, but I do not think it was Miklos (the Admiral), and it was more likely Stephen, who later went into a Hungarian Cavalry regiment. The whole family, however, father, mother and sons, were riding and hunting mad, and Eugene and Stephen rode in steeplechases whenever and wherever they got the chance. During the First German War, Eugene was a Captain in the 2nd Hungarian Hussars.

A Mixed Pack

MOST of Eugene de Horthy's fox-hunting was with a rather rough-and-ready pack of hounds called the Alsosuk in Transylvania. They were, so I read, all sorts and sizes and they had two packs, a "fast" one, more nearly resembling what we used to call a galloping one in this country, and a "slow" one, made up of harriers, beagles and so forth, including, at one time, a black poodle! A nice little touch! The hunt uniform for everyone was a green coat with a black velvet hunting-cap, and their country was not a little rugged: 1,000-ft. hills with deep and muddy crevasses, the horses sliding down on their hocks and (if lucky) clambering out the other side; but in wet weather they were usually unlucky and slid back and turned over, ironing out their intrepid pilots. There were also, so the author tells us, some very big and deep ditches, which took a lot of doing. They hunted fox and hare promiscuously, and also, so I gather, had a turn with a boar, if opportunity offered. Anyway, they enjoyed themselves prodigiously, and horses were both plentiful and very cheap. Most of their steeds were, I observe, entire. In this country we should not consider that that made for peace and quiet out hunting. At any dull moment Eugene de Horthy fought duels with anyone who disagreed with him, sabres being the recognised weapon. He was an all-in-the-ring kind of sportsman and very popular, which, incidentally, Miklos, the Admiral,



Purely Personal: by "The Tout"

Lord Rosebery's Derby winner, *Ocean Swell*, set a seal on his three-year-old career by easily winning the Jockey Club Cup at Headquarters in October, when his turn of speed at the finish of that two-and-a-quarter-mile journey left *Historic* and *Triumvir* almost standing still. Incidentally, the performance pays a high tribute to Tehran, who beat Lord Rosebery's colt in the St. Leger. It is splendid news that both of them are to be kept in training for another season. Mr. Arthur Fawcett, who is the Jockey Club's official handicapper, intends to retire at the end of the present season. He has officiated in this position with outstanding ability during the past twenty years or so, and there is no doubt his services will not easily be replaced. Mr. Fawcett was formerly Secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club



S/Ldr.
V. T. L. Wood



F/Lt.
Marcus M. Marsh



S/Ldr. P. G. Hooper,
D.F.C.



W/Cdr. H. R. Larkins,
A.F.C.



W/Cdr. M. V. Blake,
D.S.O., D.F.C.

Prisoners of War

In Stalag Luft III.

● These impressions of his comrades were drawn by a young Belgian officer, F/O. Henri Picard, who was shot by the Nazis in March, after a mass escape from Stalag Luft III. The pictures took seventeen months to reach the wife of one of his room-mates, S/Ldr. V. T. L. Wood, whose portrait appears on this page



S/Ldr. C. K. Saxelby,
D.F.C.

By
F/O. Henri Picard



W/Cdr. R. H. Moore,
D.F.C.



S/Ldr. I. G. Richmond,
D.F.C.



W/Cdr. Anthony Ayre,
D.F.C.



W/Cdr. R. G. Milne,
D.F.C. and Bar

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Terrorists

THOSE who remember back to the cosy Edwardian days may recollect that, then, the word "Nihilist" made one's childish flesh creep. Across a Europe still secure and polite there travelled alarming stories from Imperial Russia—there, one understood, any Tsar and his family went in constant peril from the Nihilist's bomb. Actually, at the time of which I speak, no Tsar had been assassinated since the year 1881. That event, however, had remained imprinted indelibly on my imagination ever since a wet afternoon in a country house, spent looking through what happened to be an 1881 bound volume of *The Illustrated London News*. This contained two terrifying engravings: one of the assassination itself—hurting bodies, horses rearing back on the snow—and one of "the Trial of the Six"; these being the six young revolutionaries concerned. Absorbedly, I studied the dock with its row of faces—faces cryptic, obdurate, but, as I had to see for myself, not debased. And to those six my curiosity—throughout years in which vaster changes have happened, more dire blows been struck—has from time to time returned.

It was, therefore, with particular interest that I picked up David Footman's *Red Prelude: A Biography of Zhelyabov* (Cresset Press; 12s. 6d.). And now, having finished the book, I do recommend it to those who may not have had my own fortuitous and personal reasons for embarking upon it. Round the central figure of Andrei Ivanovich Zhelyabov, Mr. Footman has constructed a first-rate picture of the *Narodnaya Volya* (or Will of the People) group—its social background, its personalities, its stark ideals and its relentless purposes. This supplements, admirably, any ideas one may already have formed of the revolutionary movement in Russia in the nineteenth century. For my own part, these have been drawn from literature rather than history, and most notably from some of the novels of Turgenev—whose *Virgin Soil*, for instance, contains portraits of a woman revolutionary, of a tortured student drawn to the movement but uncertain as to his power to sacrifice everything, and of a young girl of gentle birth but uncompromising devotion to the idea of freedom. Turgenev, however, though he deals with these characters with the scrupulous fairness and spiritual sympathy of an artist, wrote as a Liberal and no more: in his day, though *Narodnaya Volya* had not yet come into being, the split between Liberals and extremists was already defined, and little love existed between the two.

Amateurs

MR. FOOTMAN, in dealing with Zhelyabov and his group, commits himself to even less sympathy than Turgenev—by which I mean he shows no emotional attitude, either for or against. His aim, which he has achieved, is

impartiality, coupled with what he has proved a fascinating arrangement of detailed fact. *Red Prelude* is without those flights of imagination and somewhat over-colourful passages to which many biographers have accustomed us. But in spite—or is it because?—of Mr. Footman's abstentions, acute life is given to Zhelyabov and to the others: one is left knowing the character, manners and physical personality of each. In such matters, admits Mr. Footman, research was difficult, for *Narodnaya Volya* prided itself on impersonality: friendship, with its indulgence in foibles, was denounced, and any pictorial moments were only left on record quite inadvertently.

At the start, while still some years from their dark achievement, the young men and women of *Narodnaya Volya* give an almost touching impression of naïveté and amateurishness. All had been students; several were of gentle birth. These last, before their espousal of terrorism (which, in almost every case, was unwilling), had been eager participants in the "Going to the People" movement—theatrically ragged, like stage beggars, and purporting to be cobblers, dyers, and so on (which trades, unhappily, they omitted to learn), they toured the spaces of Russia, attempting to recommend themselves to the peasants. The peasants, however, received them with that stolid, immovable suspicion peculiar, in all countries, to their type. Later, the campaign of bomb and mine manufacture and of tunnelling under railways and streets was to prove, at its outset,



Lt.-Col. Angus Rose is the author of "Who Dies Fighting," a book which attempts to show how the defences of Singapore were built up and how they were knocked down. Col. Rose was appointed to command the 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in January this year. He served in the Malaya campaign from December 1941 to February 1942, and before the war was stationed on the North-West Frontier of India

heart-breakingly ineffective: mines laid at great risk and with passionate zeal failed to explode. When at last a train was blown up, it was the wrong train—the Tsar turned out to be travelling in another; Imperial luggage was scattered

over the line, and an Oblenski Prince, who was, one would now say, hitch-hiking, received a severe shake-up. On another occasion, a collision with a St. Petersburg main drain almost asphyxiated the excavators. Earth from the tunnels was carried across St. Petersburg in suitcases by young ladies in cabs. Not so much amateurish as truly human were the unbendings of the young people: we hear of one New Year's Eve party with wine and pie, with dancing of quadrilles and lancers, with a bubbling samovar presided over by blonde, pink-and-white Perovskaya, a General's daughter. Perovskaya—to end on the scaffold in a thronged public square in St. Petersburg (of which her father had been at one time Governor-General)—had no nonsense about her. But one of her no less relentless feminine colleagues, on obtaining an interview with a high official, complained that he had failed to treat her with the respect due to a lady of good family.

"Ideal Revolutionary Leader"

ZHELYABOV himself—regarded, we hear, by Lenin as the ideal revolutionary leader—had no complications of origin. He was a serf's son, born in the Crimea in 1850. He had Cossack blood, of which he was proud. His family were subsequently freed, and attained, even, to a

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I SOMETIMES wonder whether the expert who calculated the

food ration for one ever has to live on it for a week. That is, *without cheating*. And by cheating, I mean going out to restaurants to fill up the empty spaces.

As each Monday morning I support my bag of essential calories and vitamins by one finger, it always amuses me to ask how my inside is to get on without either—after next Thursday? When people talk about drowning themselves in alcohol on Peace Night, I think to myself, "No; it will be more like celebration for me to make myself a pudding!" I have almost forgotten what a pudding tastes like. Because you can hardly classify as puddings those very strange concoctions, mildly decorated by a watery custard and tasting, like war-cake, entirely of sawdust and baking-powder.

Of course, I can hear the official advertisements telling me of all the highly nutritious things you can get "off the ration," but my experience is that the moment they are off the ration they are immediately off the market. In fact, I have discovered that anything I really need seems immediately to be essential for the making of munitions, from hair-oil to the odd-job man.

Only one consolation remains to the man or woman who lives alone wishing that the miracle of the loaves and fishes might be performed on his weekly ration, and that is *he cannot entertain*. For who would accept an invitation to tea if he were asked to bring along butter, milk, sugar and the best Ceylon; or willingly leave home to dine entirely on wartime sausages, or—as a treat—boiled cod? No; in these days a single person is loved

entirely for himself alone. It saves a lot of bother. Because this same

acquaintance is equally unlikely to accept one's hospitality if it consists of a pressing invitation to dine out at a restaurant—with every possibility of not getting in.

Which brings me to yet another puzzling feature of wartime aspect. Why, when the world should logically be less populated, does it everywhere present such an over-crowded scene? It puzzled me in the last war; it puzzles me again in this. I never knew people already had so many children as to-day, when the birth-rate is being given a leg-up in all directions. I never knew there were so many people about with nothing to do but sit and stare, when even plumbers are dragged from their one-man businesses and turned into chefs at Service canteens!

"Is your journey really necessary?" has packed the trains to suffocation. Holidays at home drove everybody anywhere to do anything except to stay put! Preserve the lovely countryside so that visitors from all over the world can feast their eyes on England's unique beauty—and up go the Portal houses! "Save for Victory"—and down come the Commissioners of Inland Revenue! "Keep the home fires burning till the boys come home"—and your coal merchant, after a long period of haughty silence, delivers one small sack! This is a fight for Democracy—and you can scarcely breathe for bureaucrats.

I dare say in fifty years we shall all be "laughing" our blooming heads off at this life's little ironies, but as I shan't be here I am only very faintly amused. In Heaven, so far as is generally surmised, nobody cracks a joke.

Some Recent Happenings



A New Judge

The appointment of the Hon. Charles Romer, K.C., to be a Justice of the High Court of Justice was announced recently. He receives a knighthood on his appointment. The new Judge is seen above with his wife



The British Council and the Oxford Union Invite Americans to Dine

The picture above shows some of those who attended the dinner at the Union: Major Glascock, Sir Richard Livingstone, Mr. Anthony Pickford, the Bishop of Chichester (Dr. G. K. A. Bell), Mr. A. L. Rowse, Colonel Topping and Colonel Tuckweiller

Right: Lord Portal, Minister of Works, opened the "Brazil Builds" Exhibition at Simpson's, Piccadilly. Seen at the ceremony are Major A. Huskisson, M.C.; Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.C., M.P.; Señor Dr. J. J. Moniz de Aragao, C.B.E., the Brazilian Ambassador; Dr. S. L. Simpson and Lord Portal



"Brazil Builds" Exhibition Opened in London



A Chilean Reception in Aid of the Toc H. War Services Fund

Here is the host, the Chilean Ambassador, with Lady Jowitt, at the party given in honour of the chairman and members of the Toc H. Central Revenue, when the proceeds went to the War Services Fund

Dame Irene Vanbrugh, D.B.E., was talking to the Earl of Clarendon, who, as chairman of the Toc H. Central Revenue Committee, was the guest of honour at the Chilean Ambassador's party, and with them is Mr. John McKenna

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 137)

Lt.-Col. and Lady Janet Bailey, whose lovely home, Lake House, has been converted into a hospital for the duration. Two other small boys who have enjoyed Lady Tryon's school are Nicholas Mountain, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Mountain, and grandson of Sir Edward and Lady Mountain, and Euan Johnstone, son of Col. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnstone. Euan's father, who is in the Seaforths, is in Italy, and was recently awarded the C.B.E.

Lady Tryon is a daughter of Sir Merrik Burrell, and has two children, Anthony, who is four, and Patricia, two. One of her stepbrothers, Peter Burrell, has for several years been director of the National Stud, which is now settled in its new quarters in Dorset, where the famous Sun Chariot and Big Game are living. Lady Tryon's stepsister, Lady North, was badly injured by a mine near the coast in 1940, when it exploded and killed her husband, the Earl of Guilford's son and heir, and his sister, Lady Cynthia Williams. Her only son, the present Lord North, is now heir to his grandfather.

Slip of the Pen

WE regret that in a recent issue we described Major John Maitland Maxwell, R.E., as the elder son of Sir John and Lady Maxwell. Major Maxwell is the son of Sir Reginald Maxwell, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. Our apologies.



Lunch at the Connaught Rooms

Col. J. J. Llewellyn, Minister of Food, was the guest of honour at the Wine and Food Society's first meeting since the war. Above at the luncheon are Lady Swaythling, Col. Llewellyn, M. André Simon (President of the Society), Lady Drummond and Mr. Mabane, M.P.



N.F.S. Celebration Party in London

At a dinner-party of the National Fire Service given to their chief, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary, sat between Miss M. E. Oddy, C.B.E., Regional Woman Fire Officer for London, and Mrs. B. W. Cuthbert, O.B.E., Chief Woman Fire Officer

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

moderate degree of prosperity; but their early sufferings and humiliations, common to their whole serf class, continued to burn in the young man's mind. Indeed, scenes of Zhelyabov's childhood, and some preceding his birth, might have been taken from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Much, of course, depended on the individual landowner to whom the serfs belonged. It was to a gentleman's kindness that the bright-witted child owed his first schooling, and it was through a grant from the class he denounced that he attended the University of Odessa. It could be said that, throughout, Zhelyabov was up against principles rather than actual people: he was bonhomous, far from devoid of vanity (a bit of a show-off where women were concerned); his personality was attractive, his enthusiasms were infectious. He was tall and, in youth, thin as a maypole; he danced with furious energy at the student balls. But he did more than dance: the universities of Tsarist Russia were breeding-grounds for the idea of revolt. So, again, were the prisons, into which the young zealots of both sexes were, as it turned out unwisely, packed. For those who remained out of prison,

literary societies, etc., provided a cultural screen. Zhelyabov combined a genuine and passionate love of literature with the gift for converting this into propaganda.

Mr. Footman makes clear—as I should have done at the start—that the term "Nihilist" has been wrongly used here. It was never the name of any political group, but stood, rather, for the intellectual clique to which almost every revolutionary of Zhelyabov's day belonged. To be a Nihilist meant to be a debunker: this generation was in revolt not only against the authoritarian regime, but against the rather cloudy idealism of their own predecessors.

A more sensational writer than Mr. Footman would have given the love-affair between Zhelyabov and Perovskaya greater prominence. As it is, even the hints of it are, given their two strongly-marked personalities, fascinating. What did he whisper to her in their last minutes, as, lined up with the rest on the public scaffold, they awaited their turn for the noose? Mr. Footman's whole political picture of the Russia of those days is to be praised: it explains, if it does not attempt to justify, the attitude of the conspirators. And the Tsar's



Lt. John D. Drummond, R.N.V.R., was in peacetime well known in Fleet Street. He joined the Service as an ordinary seaman in 1941 and was commissioned in 1942. His first book, "Through Hell and High Water," based on his experiences during the Battle of the Atlantic, has recently been published by Sampson Low

conviction of right, it is made clear, was no less strong than those who passed sentence upon him: throughout, *Red Prelude* does justice to the fearless dignity of Alexander II.

Private, Dick

"WHY not tell us where she is?" I said. "We'll find out eventually, anyway, and if you tell us now we won't be bothering you."

"It would take more than a private dick to bother me," he said.

"No, it wouldn't. A private dick can bother anybody. He's persistent and used to snubs. He's paid for his time and he would just as soon use it to bother you as any other way."

Thus, in a scrap of characteristic dialogue, does Philip Marlowe, narrator-hero of Raymond Chandler's *The Lady in the Lake* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), summarise his profession. You may already know him, and it—if not, I counsel you to catch up with his past adventures by reading *The Big Sleep* and *The High Window*. Raymond Chandler is not just one more detective-story writer—he is a craftsman so brilliant, he has an imagination so wholly original, that no consideration of modern American literature ought, I think, to exclude him. The word "tough" has lately been so debased in its usage, so often employed to cover sentimentality, illiteracy, morbidity or sheer noise, that I hesitate to apply it to Mr. Chandler. If anything, he parodies toughness. Wisecracks, it is true, snap and glitter throughout his pages; but they always give point to a situation. ("I don't like your manner," observes a prospective client. "That's all right," replies Marlowe. "I'm not selling it.")

The Lady in the Lake, like the other Chandler stories, has a Californian scene. Marlowe goes off to Fawn Lake, near Puma Point, that hill-country sylvan resort, to pick up the trail of Derace Kingsley's missing wife. He comes on matters a good deal grimmer than the peccadilloes of one worthless blonde. Bay City, with its sinister bijou houses and not uncorrupt police force, is the background of another phase of the plot. The private dick (or detective) plays a lone hand, and often a dangerous one. One or two of the incidents need "taking." This book answers the test of the first-rate detective-story: it is possible, even ideal, to read it twice.



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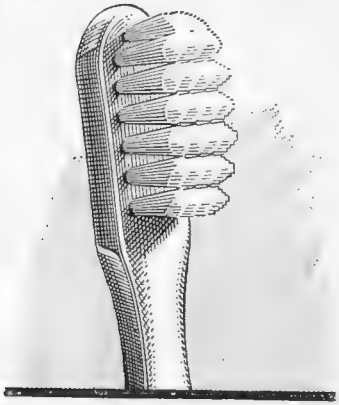
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

PAT had bought a watch guaranteed for twelve months. At the end of nine months, however, he reappeared at the shop and complained that the watch had stopped six months earlier when it had fallen into the pigs' trough. "But why on earth didn't you bring it back at once?" inquired the jeweller. "How could I?" replied Pat. "We only killed the pig yesterday."

THE married soldier was up before the C.O. for making a false statement. "You asked for leave to go to your mother-in-law's funeral," said the C.O., "yet I am told she is perfectly well. What have you to say?" "Beg pardon, sir. I didn't say there was anything wrong with my mother-in-law. All I said was I'd like to go to her funeral." Case dismissed.

IN a military hospital a visitor saw a badly wounded soldier from one of the Irish regiments. "When are you going to send the man home?" he asked. "He ain't going home," said the orderly. "He's going back to the front." "Back to the front!" exclaimed the visitor. "But he's in an awful way!" "Yes," replied the orderly, "and he thinks he knows who done it."

AN old fellow came into the New York Bureau of Missing Persons recently and reported that his wife had been missing for fifteen years. The Bureau clerk was stunned.

"You're reporting it now only? You want her back after all this time?" The man nodded and explained: "I just got lonesome."



Miss Mary Field is now in Canada supervising work in connection with children's films from the Empire. Miss Field has been with the Gaumont British Film Company since 1933 as producer and director of educational films, and was recently appointed Chief of the Children's Film Department by Mr. J. A. Rank. Whilst across the Atlantic Miss Field is to marry Mr. Gerald Hankin of the Inter-Allied Commission of Food and Agriculture in Washington, D.C.

THE American in his jeep flashed at a terrific pace through a tiny village in Somerset, when the frantic signals of a policeman made him pull up. "Didn't you see that notice, 'Dead Slow,' at the entrance to the village?" he demanded. "Sure I did," said the driver, "but I jest naturally thought it was a description of this little burg!"

THE following, taken from the column written weekly by Walter Winchell in an American paper, shows what a difference one wrong letter can make:—A society note in the Shelbyville, Indiana, *Democrat*: "Mrs. Elmer Wilkinson, of Arlington, spent a day decently in this city."

From the society column of the *West Virginia Mountaineer*:—"The bride was gowned in white lace. The bridesmaids' gowns were punk." On the radio a fashion editor was interviewing a Hollywood star who said: "I think women's clothes are very interesting. I've been successful with them, on and off, for ten years."

ONE Sunday morning the pastor of a negro congregation noticed that an old face had reappeared among his flock and after the sermon welcomed the supposedly repentant backslider.

"This is the first time you've been to church for a long time," he said. "I'm glad to see you." "Ah done had to come," explained Rastus. "Ah needs strengthening. I've got a job whitewashin' a chicken coop an' buildin' a fence roun' a water-melon patch."

THE following notice was exhibited outside an undertaker's:—"In future, any small boys who come in here asking for empty boxes will do so at the risk of needing one."

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Railway Airs

UNLESS it is forcibly prevented, private enterprise will always beat State enterprise. The railways have moved farther and faster than the "chosen instrument" in the establishment of peace-time airways. Under a convenient cloak of secrecy British Overseas Airways runs many lines. But we have no idea if they are well run; if they are economic; if they are fast; if they are comfortable. These things are hidden from us. In peace-time air services, however, they are no longer hidden and the travelling public voices its views openly and vigorously. In establishing an air service between London and Liverpool the railways are inviting criticism and, so doing, gaining an advantage over B.O.A.C.

Before the war I used a motor car for all my private travelling. I did so as a result of an act of reasoning. I found that it gave me greater independence of action than the aeroplane, the train or the omnibus. I went by air when I was offered a free passage, but not when I had to pay. Now I have got used to public conveyances and to the limitations they impose upon one's freedom of action. As a war condition I have got used to their discomforts. Many people have done likewise. But it would be a grievous error to suppose that they will put up with these things when peace comes.

Competition

IF the railways choose to run comfortable and quick air services they will create a standard whereby the State services will be judged. I do not believe that the public is yet so Morrison-minded that it will support with subsidies a poor air line solely because it is a semi-State air line. Comparison is the basis of competition. Some transport services we know are good just so long as there is nothing better. I accept the railway and the motor omnibus today because I cannot use a motor car. When I can use a motor car

again I shall at once become more critical of them.

When people are able to fly on routes other than those run by British Overseas Airways Limited they will become more critical of B.O.A.C. routes. If in bursting into aviation with such a bang the railways stimulate this criticism, they will have performed a service of high value.

A.D.G.B.

THE change of Air Defence of Great Britain back to Fighter Command improves the air force structure in that it abolishes an obvious anomaly. When fighters were escorting bombers far into Germany it was strange to hear that they came from the Air Defence of Great Britain. And although we know how ingenious the military critics are in mixing up defence and offence by saying that offence is the best form of defence, it still did not justify the title.

I wonder, however, if a return to the Command structure in the Royal Air Force is entirely sound. My own impression is that the broad division of Strategic and Tactical air forces, such as was introduced in the Mediterranean, is still the most logical arrangement. It depends largely upon whether there are large-scale land and sea operations in progress. If there are, the division into strategic and tactical of all aircraft seems fitting. If there are not (as at the time of the air battle of Britain), the division seems academic. A really logical scheme has not yet been devised and some hard thinking on the subject ought to be done. Meanwhile it is better to go back to the old Fighter Command than to use the term A.D.G.B. when it had ceased to have any meaning.



Carolyn Holds Her Own

S/Ldr. Kenneth Tew, D.F.C. and bar, is the proud parent. He is holding his daughter Carolyn after her christening at St. Peter's, Vere Street. S/Ldr. Tew has been seconded to British Overseas Airways Corporation to help in the organization of new air lines

Blackburn

FEW of the 1904-1909 aviation pioneers remain today and so the idea of holding a party to celebrate the thirty-fifth aeronautical anniversary of one of them was well conceived. It was held to honour Robert Blackburn who built and flew his own aircraft in 1909. Blackburn is fifty-nine and began work as an engineer. He met the Wright brothers in 1908 and after that he designed his own machine, built it in Leeds and flew it from Saltburn Sands in Yorkshire. That early machine had a wing span of 28 feet and was a monoplane. The engine was a 35 h.p. water-cooled Green and it had a chain drive to the airscrew. The second Blackburn monoplane was built for the famous Blackpool meeting of 1910. B. C. Hucks later learned to fly on this machine. It is interesting to recall that it was from the third Blackburn aircraft that the first reception of radio messages took place. The fourth machine was a military two-seater weighing 750 lb. The company was formed in 1912—aviation being then (refer to my remarks above) entirely a private venture.

Had aviation been left to the State there would not have been any in this country. All State servants ever did in the early days was to obstruct its development. Fortunately there were men like Blackburn who had the vision and the enterprise to do the work. At the opening of this war there were Blackburn aircraft in service with the Fleet Air Arm; but I believe that there has been some dispute about whether the claim that a Skua did in fact bring down the first enemy aircraft in the war. There seems to have been some other claim, though whether it is as well authenticated I do not know.

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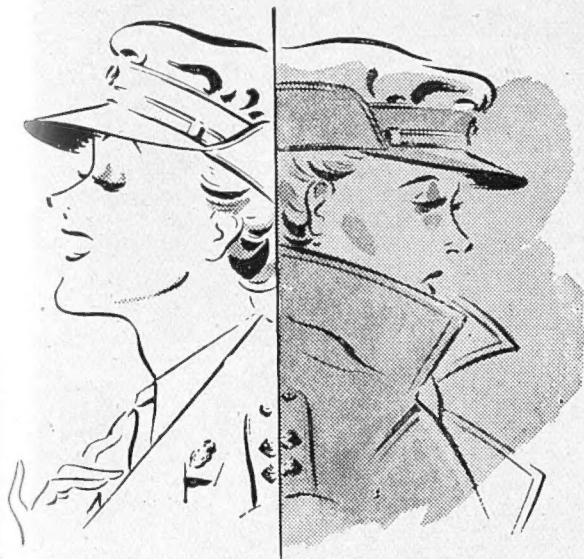
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